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Address to Auld Scotland  
by Robert Carr (Jr)

My address to Auld Scotland,  
The place of my birth  
To the mountains and glens,  
To that fair spot on earth  
To the home of my childhood  
On Gamoch's clear stream  
Thy dear heath's hills  
I oft see in my dreams.

I see Cock-ma-lane  
that stands high on the moor  
above old Glangaw  
whose walls have endured  
The storm's sweep of ages  
the moor's piercing wind  
and the river below  
dashing thru Gamoch's tower.

The sand and the sea and  
the tree and the blast  
as wave after wave  
is hurrying past  
and the shaws sing Bonnie  
on Hawthorn and birch  
yes, well I remember the  
auld parish kirk.

O can I forget the house  
I have stayed  
and how oft on steamer O  
Gamoch I've played  
and caught the wee (quill) gull  
that darted away  
and hunted for nests of the  
robin and wren.

John Gladstone  
9-4-70

Paduffs we hurried round  
whispering along  
methinks I can hear the  
sweet murmuring song  
as down the bank south  
the crage 'tis said I stood  
where oft I have watched  
the old water wheel

I see the bass tree  
close to the (Kerrin?)  
where bonnie sweet gowan  
morning sounds would give  
The lock and the canon and  
plantations are seen  
~~But~~ here is an eye  
if they are far away

There is now a spot  
my heart can forget  
where in youth I have stayed  
or friends I have met  
In the garden by the mill  
where George and I were  
and passed the we gowan  
O my native land

Yes, I remember Auld Scotland  
green braes  
ye blue hills and thistles  
I'll sing to your faces  
your woods and your streams  
whose wild birds are  
and bring to your ears  
sweet notes of the spring

W. H. W.  
1871



Address to Auld Scotland  
By Robert Orr

Kilbinnie the home where  
my forefathers sleep  
The home o' my chieftain  
across the blue deep  
Auld Scotland in tears  
I must bid you adieu  
I love you so fondly  
I'll still think of you.

In sorrow I must bid adieu  
to the past  
To the scenes I still love  
for my lot it is cast  
In a far foreign clime  
in a land they co' fine  
But dearer by far  
is auld Scotland to me

John  
Graham  
1848